

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."

VOL. XXIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

NO. 31.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

Alleged Youthful Forger Arrested at Lewisport.

CASHED OTHER BOGUS CHECKS.

He Went to Sturgis to Get An Education.

HIS CONSCIENCE SMOTE HIM.

Said to Have Green Goods Circulars in His Trunk.

Frank Frazer, of this city, was not the only victim of the sixteen year old boy forger who visited this city a few days ago.

In the expressive language of the small boy, "there are others."

Walter Morris, the youthful forger comes of a good family. His parents reside about three miles from Paducah. On Thursday, two weeks ago, he determined that he could make a living even by being a check book jack, "the human" that he could be by being an honest farmer's boy.

So he packed his grip and hid himself to Cloverport. In his valise, besides a pair of socks and a celluloid collar, he placed two check books, one belonging to the Hancock Dismal Bank, of Hawesville, and the other to a Bowling Green Bank.

He landed all right at Cloverport and immediately wrote out ten or twelve checks, calling for \$55 each, and signed Capt. S. J. Baker's name to them.

He succeeded in getting J. Frazer to cash one and started for Fordville.

As the story goes he managed to get a check for \$50 cashed in that good old town Friday morning and on the afternoon of the same day he appeared at Owensboro and got the cashier of the Eagle Bank there to cash a check for \$50. Walter then went to Paducah, where he engaged board for the purpose of going to school. While at the latter town, however, his conscience troubled him and he wrote to his father that he was coming home. He started back and got as far as Lewisport where he was apprehended by the Hancock county officials.

Detective Elsie Wilk, of this city, went to Hawesville Saturday and tried to obtain custody of the boy but the officials refused to give him up as he is to be tried there.

It is said that Walter's trunk was found to contain a quantity of green goods literature and it is also alleged that he swindled a large number of people by writing them letters asking them to send 20 cents and enclose what they would receive in return. The return letter never came.

He will have a hard road to travel in the future.

WAS NOT DROWNED.

Dave Henry Passes Safely Through a Steamboat Wreck.

It was reported in this city that David Henry, Jr., was lost on the steamer, "Stages," which was burned on the Tennessee river, Thursday night.

Mr. Henry was a passenger on the boat, but as all were rescued the fears of his friends are groundless.

He is a son of John Lewis Henry, of near Irvington, and has a host of friends in this section. He is now located at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Coughing injures and inflames sore lungs. One Minute Cough Cure loosens the cold, allays coughing and heals quickly. The best cough cure for children.—Short & Haynes.

Stricken With Paralysis.

John Criss, an aged citizen of this city, was suddenly stricken with paralysis Thursday night. He is about sixty three years of age and his recovery is doubtful. He served in the Union army during the war of the rebellion.

Those Dreadful Sores

They Continued to Spread in Spite of Treatment but Now They are Healed—A Wonderful Work.

"For many years I have been a great sufferer with various sores on one of my limbs. My foot and limb became dreadfully swollen. When I stood up I could feel the blood rushing down the vein of my limb. One day I accidentally hit my foot against some object and a sore broke out which continued to spread very rapidly. I consulted a doctor and he gave me a prescription. I used it for some time but it did not seem to do much good. I then bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time those dreadful sores which had caused me so much suffering, began to heal. I kept on faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a short time my limb was completely healed and the sores gave me no more pain. I cannot be too thankful for the wonderful work Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me." Mrs. A. E. Grimes, Hartford, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best in fact the truest and most reliable of all purifiers of the blood. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

TO BE HARRIED.

Popular Railroad Man to Trot in Double Harness.

The announcement of the engagement of James E. Buckley to Miss Olive Howard, of Fordville, will be an agreeable surprise to their many friends.

Mr. Buckley is one of the most efficient and popular engineers in the employ of the L. H. & S. L. railroad. He pulls the throttle on a locomotive running on the branch.

Miss Howard is one of Fordville's most beautiful daughters. The wedding will take place in the near future. The couple have the best wishes of the News and a legion of friends.

LEATHER COLLARS.

A New Fad Introduced by a Fordville Man.

The striped collar has had its run and has been laid over on the shelf with dead life. The latest thing in collars, and by far the most attractive and sensible is the leather collar, originated by a Fordville man.

It is a turn down collar for gentlemen and is made of leather. It is the greatest thing in the shape of a novelty that has ever been invented.

REVIVAL POSTPONED.

Knights of Pythias Anniversary Sermon.

Magnificent Discourses by Rev. Bigman, of Hardinsburg.

The Knights of Pythias are to have an anniversary sermon preached to them at the Methodist church in this city next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Rev. Bigman, of Hardinsburg, who is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in the Ohio valley, will deliver the sermon.

He preached two beautiful sermons here last Sunday. He is possessed of a fine physique and a splendid delivery. His command of language is superb and the pithy anecdotes, the homely sayings and the poetic word paintings that he uses as illustrations are magnificent; all who hear him next Sunday will congratulate themselves. All are welcome.

The revival which was to have begun Sunday was postponed until the first week in April on account of the inclement weather.

GRAND JURY.

The Machinery of the Circuit Court in Motion.

Circuit Court opened up at Hardinsburg Monday with Judge McLeath on the bench. The docket was light and the attendance small.

The following constitutes the grand jury:

Hon. Charles Blanford, foreman; Olin R. E. Pile, John E. Dyer, Albert Orr, R. C. Carter, Thos. W. M. Cook, Thos. Manning, Jas. P. Duncan, Geo. Gillette, Lonnie Rhodes, James Dwell, F. K. Rhodes. In the absence of District Attorney Chell, County Attorney R. N. Miller instructed the grand jury.

A LIFE TIME.

Spent in the Pastor's Service by Rev. Willett.

Rev. Judson Willett has been pastor of Buck Grove church for 35 years. He has also preached at Hill Grove for quite a number of years. He is generally beloved and well deserved to be. There of his sons are preachers, one of whom is living in California.

Services at Stephensport.

Rev. A. F. Beare, of Stephensport, paid the News an appreciated call yesterday. He was on his way home from Hawesville where he had closed a very successful meeting. He announces services at the Christian church at Stephensport Saturday night, Sunday morning and evening.

TABERN BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT is so famous, but is recommended for Piles only. This it will cure. Price 50 cents in bottles; Tubes, 75c.—A. R. Fisher.

A BIG LEAF.

A Giant Among the Prior Tobacco Plants.

T. M. Murphy, employed by the American Tobacco Company at this place, found the largest tobacco leaf of the season last week. It was of the Prime species and measured forty-eight inches in length.

Pre-Festival.

Rev. Watson, a Presbyterian evangelist is holding a big revival at Pleasant Grove church near Gardfield.

Don't irritate youngsters with a stubborn count when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in BALDWIN'S BURNING OINTMENT. Price 25 cents and 50 cents.—A. R. Fisher.

SURELY CRIMPLY.

Man Frozen to Death at Fordville.

McMULLEN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Temperature Was Forty Below at Fordville.

A COAL FAMINE IN TOWN.

Of Course The Gas Had to Give Out.

Old Boreas, whoever he is, got very affectionate and has been holding this country in an icy embrace for the past week.

He entwined his frigid arms about this region last Thursday and when he put the temperature on a toboggan slide and saw it go like greased lightning down to 10 degrees below zero.

The old boy was not satisfied with this round however and although Thursday was the coldest in twenty years he established a new record Monday morning when he made the temperature go down to twenty-seven in "mother fellow's" thermometer.

How cold was it? Bless you, gentle reader, we don't know!

It was anywhere from 100 miles below Cairo to 36 below zero Monday morning according to the thermometer at Bulsara.

Here's some of the records though and you can pay your money and take your choice.

At Dr. Frymire's, Creston 19; Union Star, 23; Ludburg, 24; Bewesville, 25; Glendene, 40; Fordville, 40; Irvington, 20; Clifton Mills, 24; Stephensport, 20; Hardinsburg, 22; at Matthias Miller's near Kirk, 36.

The reason for the terrible weather at Hardinsburg is that town still feels the effect of her sister hot Methodist revival.

Here in Cloverport pipes are suffering from frost on gas pipes which have cut off the supply of natural gas. A coal famine has also been on and the man who has a stock of fuel on hand is as much envied as if he were a diamond.

When Mayor Fryer receives a car of coal he has to use a mad mob of men who clamor for fuel and he has to beat them on the heads with a hickory club to compel them to wait their turn. Take this last statement with a grain of salt.

Most all the families are living in one room and many of them are following the example of the groundhog and are laid up for the winter.

A great many of the coats have been deserted their employers and this makes the burden fall heavily upon the housewives.

There appears to be but little suffering among the poor and where destitution appears, kind-hearted neighbors relieve it.

People having an extra supply of coal appear glad to share it with their less fortunate neighbors.

FROZE TO DEATH.

Watch Repairer Found Sitting Cold and Stiff in a Chair.

G. V. Purvis froze to death at Fordville Sunday night.

Purvis was a watch repairer and was about sixty years of age.

On Saturday his wife and family went to Atkins to visit relatives.

It is thought that while they were absent Purvis procured some whiskey and drank until he became intoxicated.

He went home and sat in a chair in a fireless room and during the intense cold of the night fell to death. When his wife returned Monday she found her husband stiff and cold in the chair.

PROMINENT POPULIST.

Almost Frozen to Death at Glendene.

Dr. McMullen, of McDaniel's, started from his home Monday to go to Glendene to catch the train. The doctor was home bare and when he got to the station he was almost frozen. He had to be taken from his home and carried into the hotel. He soon recuperated however and took the train for Henderson.

PALM LEAF FANS.

And Ice Cream Were in Demand Down There.

Engene Vest and his mother, Mrs. William Vest have left Palm Beach, Fla. while it is now at Daytona, Fla. While it was snowing here, Saturday, the temperature there was seventy-two degrees in the shade, and they were enjoying strawberries, new vegetables, ice cream and palm

leaf fans. Engene spent a part of the day killing gallsniper mosquitoes.

Quail Killed.

Local sportsmen, among them Chief Engineer Hudson, of the L. H. & S. L., say that the recent cold weather and the heavy snow has created terrible mortality among the quail. So many have already been killed that there will be no shooting at all in this section when the season opens next year.

Fruit All Right Here.

Thomas J. Jolly, the well-known fruit raiser at Bewesville, says that peach and early apple buds never went into winter quarters in better condition. They are very small, but four-fifths of them are still alive.

Peaches Killed in Hardin.

D. L. Talbot, a prominent fruit raiser at Elizabethtown, writing to the BANNER-RECORD News, says: "Our peaches are badly hurt, but I think there is still a half crop. I believe we may have a full crop of apples."

Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. HERBINE perfects the process of digestion assimilation, and thus makes pure blood. Price 50c.—A. R. Fisher.

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NARROW ESCAPE.

Train No. 46 Ditched by a Broken Rail.

ACCIDENT OCCURRED FRIDAY.

None of the Passengers Were Injured.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

People Hurt in Various Ways all Over The County.

Zoro weather was responsible for an accident on the L. H. & S. L. railroad Friday morning.

Passenger train No. 46, from St. Louis, struck a broken rail at the Addison trestle and was thrown from the track.

The engine remained on the rails, the tender overturned, and the baggage car, day coach and two Pullman sleepers ran off onto the river bank without breaking a coupling and only smashing one window in a Pullman sleeper.

The passengers were severely shaken up, but an occupant of a berth in a Pullman car slept undisturbed through it all and awoke up a few hours after the wreck, hungry and cross over the delay.

About 6 o'clock in the morning, Sam Dick, of the firm of Addison & Dick, at Addison, came to the front door of the store and looked at the thermometer. It registered 13 below zero.

He heard the noise of the approaching train and waited to see it pass.

Suddenly he heard a crash, saw the telegraph wires vibrate and fall and he at once realized the train had met with a mishap. He hurried to the scene and saw Conductor Hawes emerge from the derailed train and learned from him that it was very seriously hurt.

Hawes ran to the baggage coach to see if its occupants were all right and found that Mr. Munson was in one of the rear coaches where he had gone to wash up.

The baggage car had caught fire from the stove and he appealed to Mr. Dick for assistance. The latter summoned four of his employees and with all the buckets they could find at the store they worked like Trojans and put out the flames before any damage could be done.

Mr. Dick and his brother Daniel were on the train at Addison last Friday, and were unconsciously clumped onto the sleeper. He was unhurt and took the affair good naturedly. His company has a very large business in this county, and a number of policy holders near the scene of the wreck. Mr. Cochran said he was always glad to be "thrown" among his old policy holders, but prepared to have more time in which to prepare his list.

The accident was one that no amount of human precaution could prevent. It was caused by the contraction of the rails by the extraordinary cold weather.

That it resulted so fortunately was due to engineer Zirkle's caution and good judgment.

The officials of the road did all in their power to make the passengers comfortable and all are loud in their praise of their courtesy and kindness. The damage to the cars was comparatively slight and can be easily repaired.

Sam Dick and his brother Daniel rendered very valuable services and they cannot be too highly complimented for their heroic efforts to put out the fire and relieve distress.

SHOT IN THE FOOT.

Ed Dillon Sustains a Painful Injury While Hunting.

Another gun shot accident occurred at Hardinsburg last week with Ed Dillon. He and Hilary Mattingly went to take a hunt and carried a twenty-two Caliber rifle. While Hilary was loading the gun the barrel of the rifle struck Dillon in the foot making a painful wound. Ed is now getting along all right and will be out in a few days.

SPRAINED HIS ANKLE.

Arthur Board Accidentally Slips Down a Stairway.

Arthur Board, a well known travelling man, accidentally slipped down the cellar stairs at the Breckenridge Inn Friday. He sprained his ankle and sustained other injuries that laid him up for a few days.

Leg Broken.

William Sprague, while at work on the trestle at the wreck at Addison Thursday, fell and broke his leg. The injured man was brought to this city and was attended to by Dr. Simon, surgeon of the L. H. & S. L.

BROKE HIS NOSE.

Accident That Brought a Boy Escaping From a Burning House.

The dwelling house owned and occupied by Mark Crane, at West View, burned to the ground Thursday night. None of the contents were saved. The inmates had a very narrow escape and John, the youngest son, in endeavoring to get out, fell and broke his nose.

FOOT AMPUTATED.

Lee Butterworth Suffers From a Gun-shot Wound.

Lee Butterworth, of Hardinsburg, who was accidentally shot in the foot last week, had to have the member amputated. The operation was successfully performed and he is now resting easily.

Head Cut.

Will Roby, a bridge carpenter, while at work at the wreck at Addison Thursday, was hit on the forehead by a piece of timber and was badly cut. His injuries were not so severe, however, as to prevent him from working next day.

Badly Scalded.

Robert, the young son of Stephen Wilson, while at the home of Mrs. Robert Lewis, Monday, overturned a kettle of boiling lard. The grease splashed on one of his feet and burned it frightfully.

BUILDING BOOM.

Big Realty Transaction in Breckenridge.

ANOTHER BRICK TO GO UP.

Several Fine Farms Have Changed Hands.

EFFORT TO ORGANIZE A FAIR.

St. Pate at Work to Organize An Association.

Thomas Blythe sold his farm out on the turnpike, to Hilary Hardin for \$2,300. Mr. Blythe intended to move to this city.

Jo Frank sold to Numa S. Campbell and Charles Campbell & Bros., last week, 350 acres of land near Mt. Vernon church. The consideration was \$2,000.

W. C. Moorman, of Glendene, was in the city last Wednesday and Thursday on a real estate deal in which he disposed of the Ryan property, on Second street to E. W. Hoyer. The consideration was \$900.

H. A. Oels purchased the Dr. White lot, between Short & Haynes' and the new building, last week, paying there \$1,000. It is said that he will erect a brick business house thereon, and this, with several other structures that are contemplated, will bring on a building boom here as soon as the season opens.

St. Pate purchased the old fair ground property of Mr. Kingston, at Hardinsburg, last week, for \$300. St. Pate there is now a movement on foot to organize a fair for the purpose of holding a fair next fall. The grounds are enclosed with a good fence, and a few thousand dollars judiciously expended would erect the necessary buildings.

The parties interested are satisfied that the receipts for the first year would largely cover the expense of the fair. In former years the Hardinsburg fair was one of the most famous in the state.

Two Cloverport Couples United in a Louisville Hotel.

A romantic double wedding occurred in the parlors of the Willard Hotel, at Louisville, Thursday. The contracting parties were John K. McGraw and Miss Margaret Wilson, Hilary Hardin and Miss Annie McGraw, all of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Shelby formerly pastor of the Methodist church in this city.

The ceremony was witnessed by a small party of friends and relatives. Both couples are very popular here and an army of friends join with the News in wishing them happy nuptial lives.

Are you restless at night, and harassed by a bad cough? Use BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP, it will secure you sound sleep, and effect a prompt and radical cure. Price 25 cents and 50 cents.—A. R. Fisher.

The War is Over

You will now seek a good investment for your savings. The best known investment is improved Real Estate. Secure your ground and write to

J. P. WILL COMPANY

FOR... LUMBER, SHINGLES, DOORS, PR

FARM AND STOCK.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Of the \$1,210,291,915 worth of American products exported last year nearly \$1,000,000,000 went to Europe, nearly \$80 000,000 went to the Dominion of Canada—a per capita basis for our nearest neighbors of \$15.50 for every man, woman and child. Our entire sales in South and Central America were only \$1 per capita. We exported to the Philippines \$127,787 worth of goods.

The experiments of the Cornell Station go to show very clearly that tillage is fully as important a factor in growing successful crops as even soil fertility. For several years the Station has been making careful experiments in tillage and soil fertility. Potatoes were grown on a soil containing less fertility than the average soil, yet by means of careful tillage, and without the use of any commercial fertilizer or manure of any kind, crops have been grown which are far above the average of the State. The crop raised this year is the fifth one removed from the soil since fertilizers of any kind were applied; yet it is a very satisfactory one. The time for listing in a crop and cultivating it once has gone by.

Top dressing of sod in fall or winter, for late spring plowing, is the cheapest and most satisfactory way of manuring for corn on most farms. Where the supply of manure is very large, it may be good practice to plow under an application freshly made to the ground, but it is poor practice for those whose supply of manure is small.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, - - - CLOVERPORT, KY.

With Poet and Story Teller.

TO THE SORROWFUL.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Hattie E. Ginnell.]

CARRY your sorrows to a place apart,
And sit with them in silence for awhile.
They are God's messages, sent to reconcile
His vastest ways with each poor human heart;
And you shall learn that all their keenest smart
Is under law—as the seasons of the year,
Which bring the flower to bloom, the seed to bear,
And then pass calmly, having done their part.

February 10, 1899.

—R. G.

THE BURNING OF THE SARAH SANDS.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

MEN have sailed the seas for so many years, and have there done such amazing things in the face of danger, difficulty and death, that no one tale of heroism exists which cannot be capped by at least a score of others. But since the behavior of bodies of untried men under trying circumstances is always interesting, and since I have been put in possession of some facts not generally known, I have chosen for my contribution the story of the *Sarah Sands*.

She was a small four-masted—yet must specially remember the masts—iron built steam steamer of eleven hundred tons, chartered to take out troops to India. That was in 1871, the year of the Indian mutiny, when anything that could sail or steer was in great demand for troops were being thrown into the country against them.

Among the regiments was the 54th, of the line, now the second battalion of the Dorset regiment—a good corps, about a hundred years old with a very fair record of service, but in no way differing so far as one can see, from a hundred other regiments.

It was hurried out in three ships. The headquarters, that is to say the lieutenant-colonel, the regimental books, the pay chest, band and colors—you must specially remember the colors—went with some fourteen officers, three hundred and fifty-four of the rank and file, and perhaps a dozen women left Portsmouth on August 15, all packed tight on the *Sarah Sands*.

Her crew, with the exception of the engineers and drummen, seemed to have been foreigners and pier-head jumpers, picked up at the last minute. They were bad, lazy and inconsiderate.

The accommodation for the troops was generally described as "inferior," and what men called inferior in '71 would now be called vile. Not, in spite of the

need, was there any great hurry about the *Sarah Sands*. She was two long months reaching Cape Town, and she stayed there five days to coal, having on October 20th. By this time the crew were all but openly mutinous, and the troops, who must have learned a little of seamanship, worked her out of harbor.

On November 7th, nearly three weeks later, a gale struck her and carried away her foremast, and it is to be presumed that the troops turned to and cleared away the wreckage. On November 11th, the real trouble began, for in the afternoon of November 11th—three months out from Portsmouth—a party of soldiers working in the hold, saw smoke coming up from the after hatch.

"They were then, may be," within a thousand miles of Mantes, in half a gale and a sea full of sharks. Captain Castle, the skipper, promptly lowered and provisioned the boats with some difficulty got them overboard and put the women into them. Some of the sailors, the bad kind—the engineers and drummen, and a few others behaved well—jumped into the long boat and kept away from the ship. They knew she carried two magazines full of cartridges.

The troops, on the other hand, did not make any use, but under their officers' orders, cleared out the starboard or right hand magazine, while volunteers tried to save the regimental colors. These stood at the end of the saloon, probably clamped against a partition behind the captain's chair, and the saloon was full of smoke. Two lieutenants made a dash for them and were nearly suffocated; a ship's quartermaster, Richard Richmond was his name, put a wet cloth over his face, managed to tear down the colors, and then fainted. A private, and his name was W. Wilks, dragged out both Richmond and the colors, and the two men dropped senseless on deck, while

the troops cheered. That, at least was a good omen.

The saloon must have been one of the narrow, cabin lined old fashioned "cuddlers" placed above the stove and all the fire was in the stern of the ship, behind the engine room. It was blazing very close to the port or left hand magazine, and as an explosion there would have blown the *Sarah Sands* in two they called for more volunteers, and one of the two lieutenants who had been choked in the saloon went down first and passed up a barrel of ammunition, which was joyfully hoisted overboard. After this example work went on with regularity.

They pulled up the fainting men with ropes, while those who did not faint grabbed what they could get at in the saloon, and an official and serene quartermaster sergeant stood on the hatch as he jotted down the number of barrels in his note book. They pulled out all except two which slid from the arms of a fainting man—there was a great deal of fainting, the after-cabin and rolled out of reach. Besides these were a couple of barrels of signalling powder for the ship's use; but this the troops did not know, and were the more comfortable for their ignorance.

Then the flames broke through the afterdeck, the light attracting shoals of sharks and the min-mast fired up and went overboard with a crash. This once the vessel heeled over the stern of the ship head to wind, in which case the flames must have swept forward, but a man with a hatchet ran along the bulwarks and cut the wreck clear, while the boats surged and rocked at a safe distance, and the sharks tried to upset them with their tails.

A captain of the 54th—he was a jovial soul and made jokes throughout the war—headed a party of men to cut away the bridge, the deck cabins, and everything else that was inflammable—in this case the flames sweeping forward again—while a provident lieutenant with some more troops lashed up spars and things together for a raft, and other gangs pumped desperately on to wind was left to the saloons and the magazines.

One record says quaintly: "It was necessary to make some deviation from the usual military evolutions while the flames were in progress." The men formed in sections, counter-marched round the forward part of the ship, which may perhaps be better understood when it is stated that those with their faces to the afterpart where the fire raged were on their way to relieve their comrades who were working below, and procure for another attack when it came their turn.

No one seemed to have much hope of saving the ship, so long as the last powder was expended. Indeed, Captain Castle told an officer of the 54th that the game was up, and the officer replied, "We'll fight till we're driven overboard." It seemed he would be taken over his

word, for just then the signalling powder and the ammunition cake went up, and the ship from midships all looked like one volcano.

The cartridges spluttered like crackers, and cabin doors and timbers were shot up all over the deck, and two or three men were hurt. But this isn't in the official record—just after the roar of it, when the steam was dipping and all heaved the *Sarah Sands* was setting for her last lurch, some merry jester of the 54th cried: "Lights out!" and the jovial captain shouted back, "All right, we'll keep the old woman afloat yet."

Not one man of the troops made any attempt to get on the raft; and when they found the ship was still floating, they went to work double tides. At this point in the story we come across Mr. Fraser, the Scotch engineer, who, like all his countrymen, had been holding his trump card in reserve. He knew the *Sarah* was built with a water-tight bulkhead behind the engine-room and the coal bunkers, and he proposed to cut through the deck above that bulkhead and drown the fire. Also he pointed out that it would be as well to remove the coal in the bunkers, as the bulkhead was a slight red hot and the coal was catching.

So volunteers dropped into the bunkers, each man for the minute or two that he could endure, and shovelled away the singeing, fuming fuel, and other volunteers were lowered with ropes into the bonfire aft, and when they could throw no more water they were hauled up half-roasted.

Mr. Fraser's plan saved the ship: although every particle of wood in the after part of her was destroyed, and a bluish vapor hung over the red-hot iron beams and tie, and the sea for miles about looked like blood under the glare, as they pumped and passed water in buckets, flooding the stern, sinking the bulkhead and damping the coal beyond the bulkhead all through the long night. The very sides of the ship were red hot, so that they wondered when the planes would buckle and wrench out the rivets and let the whole light down to the sharks.

The min-mast, as you know, had gone; the mainmast, although wrapped round with wet blankets, was alight, and everything abaft the mainmast was one red furnace. There was the constant rattle of the ship, now broadside on in the heavy seas, falling off before the wind and leading the flames forward again. So they tailed the boats to tow and hold her head to wind, but only the gig obeyed. The others had all they could do to keep afloat; one of them had been swamped, though all the people were saved, and as for the long boat full of mutinous seamen, she behaved infamously. One record says that "She only held afloat but consigned the ship and all she carried to perdition." So the *Sarah Sands* fought for her own life alone.

About three on the morning of November 12th, pumping, bucketing, sluicing and damping, they began to hope that they had beaten the fire. By nine o'clock they saw steam coming up instead of smoke, and at midnight they called in the boats and took stock of the damage. From the min-mast aft there was nothing you could call ship, except the shell of her. It was a steaming heap of scrap-iron, with twenty feet of black, greasy water flooding across the bent and twisted beams and rods, and in the middle of it all, four huge water-tanks rolled up, frothing and thundering against the naked sides. Moreover—they could not see this till things had cooled down—the powder had come right through the port quarter, and every time she rolled the sea came in green. Of the four masts only one was left, and the rudder-head stuck up all bald and black and naked among the jam of collapsed deck-beams. The photograph of the deck looks exactly like that of a gutted theatre after the flames and the fireman have done their worst.

They spent the whole of the 12th pumping water out as zealously as they had pumped it in; they lashed the loose beams as soon as they were cool enough to touch; and they plugged the hole at the stern, with hammocks, sails and planks, and a sail over all. Then they rigged up a horizontal rail gripping the rudder-head. Six men sat on planks on one side and six on the other, hauling on it with ropes and letting go as they were told. That made as good a steering-gear as they could expect.

On November 13th, still pumping, they spread one sail on their solitary mast—it was very lucky that the *Sarah Sands* had started with four of them—and took a advantage of the trade-wind and made for Mauritius. Captain Castle, with one chart and one compass, lived in a tent where some cabins had once been, and at the end of twelve days he sighted land.

Their average run was about four knots an hour; and it is no wonder that as soon as they were off Port Louis Mauritius, Mr. Fraser, the Scotch engineer, wished to start his engines. The troops looked down into the black hollow of the ship as the shafts made its first revolution, shaking the hull horribly, and if you can realize what it means to be able to see a naked screw shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner you can realize what has happened to the *Sarah Sands*.

They waited outside Port Louis for the day-light, and were nearly dashed to pieces on a coral reef. Then they came in without loss of a single life, very dirty their clothes so charred that they hardly dared take them off, and very hungry. Port Louis gave them public banquets in the market place, and the French inhabitants were fascinatingly polite, as only the French can be.

But the records say nothing of what befell the sailors who "consigned the ship to perdition." One account merely hints that "this was no time for reti-

retion," but the troops probably administered their own justice during the twelve days' sail to port. The men who were berthed aft, the officers and the women lost everything they had, and the companies berthed forward lent them clothes, and canvas to make clothing.

On December 20th they were all re-embarked on the *Clarendon*. It was poor accommodation for heroes. She had been condemned as a coo-ship, was full of centipedes and other animals picked up in the Brazil trade; her engines broke down frequently, and her captain died of exposure and anxiety during her hurricane. It was January 25th before she reached the month of the Hooghly.

By this time many men probably considered this quite as serious as the fire—their own escape from tobacco, and when they came across the American ship *Hamlet*, Captain Lecran, lying at Kedgees, on the way to Calcutta, the officers rowed over to ask if there was any tobacco for sale. They told the skipper the history of their adventures, and he said:

"Well, I'm glad you're come to me, because I have some tobacco. How many are you?"

"Three hundred," said the officers. Thereupon Captain Lecran got out four hundred pounds of best Cavendish, and a thousand Manila cigars for the officers, and refused to take payment on the ground that Americans did not accept anything from shipwrecked people.

They were not shipwrecked at the time, but evidently they had been shipwrecked quite enough for Captain Lecran, because when they rowed back a second time, and insisted on paying, he only gave them some more grog, "which," says the record, "caused it to be dark when we returned to our ship." After pipes were lit "our band played 'Yankee Doodle,' blue lights were burned, the signal-gun fired," that must have been a lively evening at Kedgees, and everything in our power was had recourse to, so as to convey to our American comrades our appreciation of their kindness.

Last of all the commander-in-chief issued a general order to be read at the head of every regiment in the army. He was pleased to observe that "the behavior of the 54th Regiment was most praiseworthy, and by its result must render manifest to all the advantage of subordination and strict obedience to orders under the most alarming and dangerous circumstances in which soldiers can be placed."

That is the moral of the tale.—Youth's Companion.

Weak Eyes Are Made Strong
dim vision made clear, eyes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

GOOD WEATHER.
A little bit of rain and then a little bit of sun is the best of weather. To enjoy the fullness of the sun, and to have a cool day to buy some clothes.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is still in the lead. The people seem to like this reliable cough medicine, and we don't blame them; it is the best remedy for a deep-seated cough or cold, and will affect a cure in one day.

MOONING UPWARD.
Some people win by working hard. And some succeed through chance alone. While now and then a man gets up by honest efforts of his own. But where one honest person strives To gain the bright air mark to win A dozen others try to mount By constant waggings of the chin.

Coughed 25 Years.
I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bull's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy made weak lungs strong. I have saved my life.—J. B. Russell, Granting, Ill.

Another Useful Substitute.
A substitute for emery paper has been produced by a Russian inventor. He burns fire clay at the temperature of 2300 degrees Fahrenheit, and the resulting powder is equal as a polishing material to emery.

Lung Irritation
is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bull's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it and give strength to the lungs that a cough or cold will not, settle there. Twenty-five cents at all good druggists.

Wheat's "Farthest North."
Wheat is now grown farther north than ever before. At Fort Providence, on the Mackenzie River, 200 miles farther north than Sitka, Alaska, a splendid wheat crop was grown last season in the field belonging to the Roman Catholic mission.

For La Grippe.
Thomas Whitfield & Co., 240 Wabash-st., corner Jackson st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by A. B. Fisher, Cleveland; R. A. Shellman, Steubenville.

How Plants Can Suffer.
That plants when injured suffer from fever is a new discovery by a British botanist. Plants suffer in a similar manner to animals under like conditions. The rate of respiration increases and the temperature rises, reaching a maximum within twenty-four hours.

CASTORIA.
The Kidney and Bladder Remedy. It is put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

Purest Drugs.
Cleanest Groceries.
Cheapest Notions.

Latest Styles in
Ladies' and Gents'
FURNISHINGS

BIGGEST
BARGAINS IN
EVERYTHING.

E. A. WITT,
HARDINSBURG, KY.

Have had years of experience in compounding prescriptions. Work carefully done.—WITT'S.

USE

BASKETT

COAL!

BASKETT COAL is a superb fuel for use in flouring mills, tobacco factories, saw mills and manufacturing plants. SPECIAL PRICES IN CARLOAD LOTS. Address communications to

BASKETT, KY.

This Kind of
Weather You Need

GOOD SHOES

We Have Them.
Prices Right.

WM. VEST & SONS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

EIGHT PAGES.

BOYS IN TRAMP LIFE.

FRANK WILLARD, the author of a series of magazine articles upon tramp life, addressed a meeting of the Public Education Association, held in Berkeley, Cal., at New York City Saturday afternoon. He spoke in the interest of the Tramps' prison school, and made special reference to the boys in the tramp army.

"The railroad," said the speaker, "are the worst sinners we have in this country. Their wickedness is for the purpose of tramping date back to the period just after the war. A large number of men and boys, accustomed to camp life in the army, preferred to wander about the country to returning to regular occupations. The railroads became their highways. At first they walked, but it was an easy and a natural step to ride, and by 1877 the boys had come into existence as a class. By '85 they were recognized as a nuisance.

"The bulk of these men soon discovered the value of begging by proxy. The boy became a factor in the boy's life. The boy exercises an easy fascination over the average boy of romantic temperament. The boys are told alluring stories of Western life. The great final argument is the assurance that he can ride all over the country in a wide-open Pullman for nothing.

"Then the boy's apprenticeship begins. His duty is to beg. He is made to think crime a successful means of procuring life as an unimportant but necessary part of the business. I believe that the school that would take him from the ranks of the hobo should consider crime as a business—as the criminal does—and show the boy that it does not pay. From my experience and observation I should say that the average period of time between prison for the criminal is seven months. The matter should be presented to the boy in this light. The number of boys in tramp life I place at from 5,000 to 7,000."

The statements of this authority bear out the views expressed in a BRECKENRIDGE NEWS editorial on the subject, printed about two months ago. Stop the free ride nuisance and you practically solve the tramp problem.

There is sunshine in the household,
There is music in the air,
There is joy within the threshold,
There is mirth and laughter rare.
We are free from care and trouble,
Old worry has the track,
Our fare now is double,
For our cook's come back.

TO ABOLISH THE BOARD.

LOUISVILLE need not be surprised if the country is arrayed against her. The selfish course she is pursuing makes her as a municipal body. It is apparent that Louisville is working for her own glory and material prosperity alone. When her people utter the cry, "Patronize home industries," they do not mean the industries of Kentucky, but the industries of Louisville. Witness the boycott that is being waged in that city against Kentucky rock asphalt.

We do not believe that all the citizens of Louisville are in favor of the selfish, provincial course she is pursuing. The majority would prevent it if they could. They would rather see the city adopt a liberal business policy of reciprocity than the one that is now the policy of the city against Kentucky rock asphalt. The thing that interferes with Louisville's progress is her Board of Public Works. Were that body abolished she would stand some show. It is the instrument that is preventing the development of Kentucky's asphalt interests. It is the power that is killing a resource which, if developed, would result in adding great wealth to her eight counties immediately tributary to Louisville.

These counties are now organizing an opposition to the Louisville Board of Public Works, and they will see to it that a ripper bill is introduced and passed in the next House that will abolish the board. This will be an act of kindness to Louisville, and will be a movement that will benefit the chrysalis that holds captive her possibilities for growth.

No, man is not a hero
Who wears his Spring toes
When the weather's at zero;
He's one of the Prince of Wales' own,
For the weather is Spring-like
In "dear old Lunnion" town.

UPON THEIR HANDS, THE BLOOD.

The blood of Colonel Colson is on the hands of President McKinley and Secretary of War A. G. Elihu Root, the lieutenant who shot Colonel Colson in a restaurant, at Annapolis, Saturday night, had been declared by a board of military men as incompetent to act as an officer in the army. These facts were brought before the President and the Secretary of War. A pull of some kind, however, saved Scott's straps, and he was allowed to wear them until the Fourth Kentucky was mustered out. While he was in service he was a monument of inhumanity, and the high officials of the land, in continuing him in service, countenanced conduct prejudicial to discipline and gentlemanliness. The disgrace that Scott has brought upon the Fourth Kentucky and upon the State of Kentucky was convicted at by the administration. Upon their heads rests the blame. They prevented Colson getting a square deal, and thus were responsible for his wounds.

AFTER due consideration,
And deliberate consultation,
We have come to the determination
To announce without hesitation
That it's cold enough for us.

ON THE SHELF AT THIRTY-FIVE.

Mrs. Jane Adams, of Hull House, who studies charity "in a scientific way," inclines in her investigations to the problem of early or late marriage. "A professional man," she says, "is scarcely equipped and started in his profession before he is thirty; a business man, if he is on the road to success, is much nearer prosperity at thirty-five than at twenty-five and it is therefore wise for these men not to marry in the twenties. But does not apply to the working-man. In many trades he is laid upon the self at thirty-five, and in nearly all trades he receives the largest wages of his life between twenty and thirty. If the young workman has all his wages too long to himself, he will probably establish habits of personal comfort which he cannot keep up when he has to divide with a family—habits which perhaps he can never overcome."

It's so cold, "they say" in Greenland
That it will just freeze off your hair.
So that, give whizz! is what it is
That makes the Polar bear.

A TIME FOR CAUTION.

The "money devils," who conduct the financial interests of the country are becoming more disconcerted than the Populists. Times are so good and money so plentiful that there is a danger of a panic. Hundreds of millions of dollars are lying idle and the rates of interest are falling so rapidly that there is hardly any money to be made in the loaning business. The plethora of money is so great that it is a source of danger. It is liable to lead to an era of reckless investments and inflation that would inevitably result in another "1893." The temptation to invest money in "speculation" and to speculate "prosperity" in such a time as this is great. The times are as trying as they are during a panic and they demand a much conservatism and just such caution as if there was a stringency in the money market. Go slow.

If the North Pole is discovered
(But it won't be, so we're told),
No one will dare climb it where
The climate is so cold.

GOOD TIME TO APPLY THE RULE.

HAVE you tried to find out how the other half lives during this cold weather? If not, try it. You may find an opportunity to do a charitable deed. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. Seek out some poor devil and cheer him up by giving him a job of work. Hunt up some poor family and do the members a real deed of kindness. The beggar that will beguile will make you pat yourself on the back, and you will feel good all day long. Now's the time to do good. Do unto others as you would that others would do unto you.

MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.

A gain of \$175,000.00 in the value of live stock on farms in a single year is a matter for congratulation. "Yet that is just what American Agriculturists' special

report shows. Every class of live stock has shared in the improvement, except hogs, but the shrinkage is not serious, hogs being regarded profitable property by farmers at large, especially in the heavy corn belt. The depression in the live stock industry, as pronounced a few years ago, and at its worst in 1893, has since that date shown a gratifying change toward complete recovery. The upward movement continues with increasing force and volume.

A WORD TO FARMERS.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS is a great educator. It presents to its farmer constituents this week an agricultural paper that contains as much good reading matter as the average high class farm journal. We intend to make this a leading feature of this paper, and hope that those for whom it is intended will be benefited by its teachings. During the past year there has been a wonderful improvement in farm methods in this country. This is due to the fact that the farmer is taking more interest in his business. He realizes that it takes as much study, as much judgment, and as much ability to conduct a farm successfully as it does a big mercantile establishment. This is hopeful, and it is no more than right that the News should help him in his efforts to keep posted in his business.

KEEP ON AGITATING.

The people of Breckenridge county have made great progress toward securing good roads. Because the results achieved last year by an unusual expenditure of labor and money were not entirely satisfactory it should not interfere with further progress in that direction. The failures we have met with should make us all the more determined to succeed. Every thinking man, realizing the value of a good highway system. Every property owner and public spirited citizen should be in favor of the county building as good roads as her wealth will permit. Keep agitating the good road question. Don't drop it until we get what we want.

Uncle Aleck's
Chunks of Philosophy.



"UNCLE" ALECK LABLIE is known far and wide as Oldfather's colored philosophy. His wit is spicy and original. It is contrasted by the fact that when his thirteenth child appeared upon this mundane sphere, he dubbed it "Thirteen" Lashie, and said: "Dat chile will er be a Pullman car' postah or will hang. He kaint' b'y it will dat name."

The following is a sample of the views that "Uncle" Aleck entertains on men and things:

If yeh wanta ter hab somefins nice said about yeh, die.

De on'y ting dat kin equal a woman's lub is her temph.

W'en a man has wheels in his haid, de spokes come out of his moud.

De man dat toasts hims' befoah a saloon fah an' scellin' hims' foh de next day.

De man w'at 'lives w'at his nabor's freemonger says has de faith dat moves moumagine.

De papahs say dat money is cheap, but I tink dey mak' a mistake. His mu' be talk dey means.

De niggab dat is ambitious to lead de cake walk mu' always make a mistake an' heads de chain gang.

If eleetehns was hel' evah day in de yesh, evah wheeth niggab in de community would be called mistah.

Dat Providence is good ter de niggab in befoah de fah dat de watehmin' buds were not killed by de late cold snap.

De niggab young cain't all be presidents, but by diffience an' ha' w'ad dey

A FULL coal house is as much to be desired as great riches.

AFTER lickin' the Philopine we may quit lickin' tax stamps.

The kissing craze, it will be noticed, has not yet reached Egan.

KLOONKE tales read like warm weather stories in this frigid locality.

Zero days and troubles are alike this year. They never come singly.

It will make the coal consumer hot when he figures up his coal bill.

The thermometer played a low down trick on the suffering folk last Thursday.

A CHICAGO man was fined \$5 for lying. The unexpected always happens in Chicago.

WHEN Uncle Sam went gunning for the Philopine he filled his game bag with rabbit.

The zero weather of the past week caused a wave of contraction to sweep over the country.

The Fourth Kentucky got a cold reception when it returned to its old Kentucky home.

EGAN will some day regret that his kinsman, like his army best, underwent the embarrassing process.

TALK about "the white man's burden," Kipling had eighteen trucks with him when he arrived at New York City.

The budding geans of the post who writes "the spring time is coming, gentle Annie," was nipped by King Frost.

THESE good geans are very cheerful looking now. All that they lack to make them successful as elements of comfort is heat.

Our country correspondents all tell us he cold but we thank them for not asking the question: "Is it cold enough for you?"

The Standard Oil Trust is said to be behind the whiskey trust. A mixture of oil and fire water may lead to spontaneous combustion.

As soon fasted a fox as ever raided a hen roost in old Kentucky.

Four black hounds started off in front, two spotted ones next and two old dogs followed. As the hounds chased after the fox they gave tongue and the music of it would set a fox hunter wild with joy.

All day long they kept up the run and made music for the country side.

The fox was game and the hounds just as game. All kept right down to their knitting and this chase—which we will bet our bottom dollar, was a world-beater sure enough—lasted for forty-eight hours.

That's the kind of fox and that's the kind of hounds that are raised in Breckenridge. The only fox chasing that is fox chasing in the universe can be found here.

If you've got a story to beat this you are next.

Current Topics.

BY MRS. HATTIE GRISWELL.

We can judge ourselves and others by the friends we form.

We have had such a super-abundance of the "Beautiful" that we are no longer poetic.

Who always complain of the clouds receive little of life's sunshine and do serve less.

Last Sunday was too frigid for me. In fact I've been completely snow bound for two weeks.

The orange trees in Florida were in full bloom, and they have been frosted and the oranges blighted.

No, that's so, Mr. Editor! I forgot ambidexterity, for conciliators especially, would be too much of a good thing.

Anticipation may be better than realization yet we all know it is the unexpected pleasure that bring us the most delight.

Mr. Editor, please if you glean any "Current Topics" from this Mass. say it has been snowing some in Kentucky. Don't fail.

We want everybody to be good so we have to see people have the eyes so "focused to the stars" as to forget to look at their own door step.

Hon. Henry Watterson's tribute, in Sunday's Courier, to the late John Russell Young is a beautiful debt of affection homage" paid by the pen.

Let us cultivate originality, for nothing is more needed in this world of mentality. One real good thought originated within a pupil's mind is worth a thousand and gleamed from other brains.

The historic old Governor's mansion at Frankfort is a thing of the past. Flames claimed it in a jiffy and Gov. Bradley laid aside his dignity of high official rank and worked like a Trojan.

I notice a great deal of suffering all over the state from the recent severe weather. I have heard of not one single

The \$22,000,000 whiskey trust, the \$20,000,000 milk trust and the \$20,000,000 soap trust—I never understood much about trusts—but I "guess" old Kentucky bourbon will have a bright future as prices are moving upward steadily and firmly.

I was amused at the Gaston correspondent's remarks on Sam Jones and Wm. J. Bryan. I am like the delectable "Sam" Mr. Bryan should be satisfied under a gold standard, paying taxes of over three hundred in round dollars he must remember.

Madame Marcella Semblich will only receive \$1,000 for each time she sings at the May Festival. The same orchestra engaged for the festival last year has

been re-engaged and a chorus of 800 voices will again be heard. There will be five concerts as last year and two matinees. May 8, 9, 10.

The President has affixed his signature to the peace treaty. Good! The incident as far as our government is concerned is ended. It remains now for Spain to do likewise. The next thing in order is a cable across the Pacific for this enterprising, progressive, aggressive nation of ours.

If this is Spanish year, I want some of those American B. V. letters to tell us (or you, Mr. Goodnight), who wrote "Leaves of Grass," was it, or wasn't it? Walt Whitman? I do not remember exactly, and I want to know. It is hard to remember everything, and every now and then you get things confused. (We leave it to Mrs. Cain—Ed.)

Dickens, like Shakespeare, is an immortal. More copies of his works are sold than were sold while he lived. It is true his books are cheaper than ever before now that some of the copyrights have expired and the processes of printing are improved; but this is also true of the books of other Authors, and the works of Dickens are not so popular because they are cheap, but so cheap because they are popular. His memory should be honored.

I heard something real sad the other day. I do not deny the factness of man, but I do say that the girl hardly lives, no matter how pretty she is, who has not the wit to get another girl's lover if she wants him—and I heard that a sweet, pretty young friend of mine had lost her lover who had married another girl. A man starts out not to be disloyal to the first girl, but the second girl wants him and succeeds and she has committed a theft, just as much as she has stolen him away from his first sweetheart. Of course I wouldn't want him if I were No. 1, but No. 2 should not have him if I could help it.

Woman power is the dominant force of today. It is making more women and question than anything else. It is moving, too, like a fast locomotive. Women must have something to do. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to spin, weave, knit and sew. Everything now is machines made. So, women, these days, belong to societies, get up papers and read them, or institute great reforms. They even dabble in whether or not a Congressman shall be seated. The question seems to be, with so many girls, by the time they are of age, "What are we to do?" And in their rash and haste, they fall to answer the question to their own satisfaction.

Educate Your Bowels With Care. Use the P. C. C. Ball, (Genuine) refund money.

Perfect Health. Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body. For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure TUTT'S Liver PILLS

OUR LAST SLASH

This is certainly a Slash that should move every Suit we have in the house for such goods at

Such Low Prices Were Never Offered anywhere before. When



we make up our mind to get rid of a large stock of winter goods to make room for spring goods

We Never Consider Our Losses which is your gain.

LOT 1.	LOT 2.	LOT 3.
Any Suit in this assortment at	Any Suit in this assortment at	Any Suit in this assortment at
\$4.48	\$5.98	\$7.48
LOT 4.	Boys' Clothing	
The cream of the assortment at	at 10 and 15 PER CENT OFF.	
\$9.48		
THIS SALE WILL LAST ONLY THIRTY DAYS.		

MEN'S PANTS

Per Cent. Dis-count.

A LONG FOX CHASE.

John T. Ditto told a fox story last week that we, in our ignorance, thought was a world beater, and such labeled it. But we did not reckon upon the possibilities of Breckenridge county and this week we learned that there are other hounds and other foxes and we will proceed to tell the story as it was told to us.

Over at Jewell's creek in the back part of the county, lives a tribe of renowned fox hunters. They breed none but the best dogs and chase none but the gamest foxes.

The chiefs of this tribe of fox hunters—and, by the way, the tribe increases—are Emmet, McGraw, Bill Frank and Charlie Owen.

On Friday at 12 o'clock, noon, a pack of eight hounds belonging to these hunters, got on the track of a strong limbed

THE FAIR

Cloverport's Leading One Price Store.

